

Your Filthy Little Mouth

David Lee Roth

I know that everything in America
Must end with a kiss
But all of your addictions
Won't make me a prince

Guys gotta see it
Girls just love to hear
Then lend me your ear
She needed classical music
Or she couldn't make love at all
And I was up there frequently
And bringin' down the walls

Drop dead bombshell
Clean-cut classy gal
She was a good pal
And if you turned up the volume
You could hear the demons call
"Fuck me like Chopin
Or don't fuck me at all

Tell me what you want
And I'll take the scenic route
Tell me what you want
With Your Filthy Little Mouth
How bout a little Henry Miller
With your Huckleberry Finn
Assume the position, honey
Let's begin

You can do your penance
Right along with that special sin
And it's gotta be good
If we both want it so bad
Make you want to sell your soul
Or maybe you already have
Call me sweet lordy, high-master Jesus
Tell me that you want it
Right where you're breathin'
Just let go